



Jack the Sailor.

[Sold at No. 42, Long Lane]

I Lov'd a lad that prov'd my ruin,
And Jack the Sailor was his name,
He's gone to sea, and prov'd my undoing;
And now brings my poor heart to shame;
But if my eyes could once behold him,
O that would ease me of my pain,
Close in my arms I would enfold him,
And never let him go again.

I wish that I could write a letter,
And let him know or understand,
How distracted I have wander'd,
Since he's been in a foreign land;
I fear my love may see some other,
That may please his wanton eye,
I'll live and die like a philanthar,
And never let no man come nigh.

My father he sent me a rival,
To come in Jack the Sailor's room,
But I withstood a bold denial,
If in New Bedlam I am bound;
Around the dungeon I will wander,
And at the full length of my chain,
I'll live and die like a philanthar,
Till Jack the Sailor comes from the main.

As I lay on my bed a sleeping,
I dreamt I heard loud cannon's roar;
I thought I saw my love in battle,
Lying in his bloody gore:
Then I awoke, and was affrighted,
But found it was a filthy dream,
I'll live and die like a philanthar,
Till Jack the Sailor comes from the main.

